



A NEW SONG ON, LOVELY KEATY OF LISKEHAN

You gentle muses I pray excuse me,
Your kind intution to me grant once more,
Till I praise a maiden sweet & engaging,
She is lovely Venus that I do adore,
Unless you will aid me my art will fail me,
A sketch most pleasing I must have drawn,
And still I'm eager from heart to praise her
Sweet lovely Keaty of Liskehan

One frosty morn'g while passing northwards,
By Limrick suburbs I chanced to meet,
My darling phegix I mean young Keaty,
And she coming early up William street,
Her blue eyes beaming their dart prevailing,
Her conversation was mild & warm
My heart was breaking for to be leaving,
Sweet lovely Keaty of Liskehan,

In the eveing early when home returning,
Alone by a hay-rick I did her see,
As it quite charms her aspect fearful
That lovely fair one would strike from me,
I would rather than all the flocks of Lester,
Or all the cattle gazing on O'Donne's laws
That on the hay bench I could be seated,
With lovely Keaty of Liskehan

Altho young Keaty is a rich young lady,
And far superi'ur in wealth for me,
Yet while acquainted she is kind & faithful,
By long experience I this can see
In the trute season when the road seem weary,
And I going early back to Drishawn,
All my consolation was seeing young Keaty,
That lovely damsel of Kiskehan,

If you seen young Keat dress'd out so gaily,
For pleasure facing along the street,
She speard the sweetest & most modest creature
And was admire'd by all who did her meet,
Her golden hair flows in ringlets waving,
Down on her waist her fine rimbles shone,
And every feature the pride o' nature,
Was lovely Keaty of Liskehan,

If Gerson famous had known young Keaty,
With her he'd sail to the Persian shore,
And bold uclepees for to release her,
Th' briny regions he would search o'er,
Juno & pallas the land of trojan heroes,
Who brought Queen Helen to King priam.
He would venture greater his bride to make her,
Sweet lovely Keaty of Liskehan,

Farewel dear Keaty I must now leave you,
The rain from Limrick is passing by,
It chucks me freely & bids me stay,
With the lovely maid'n of buir thy,
But summer season & times are chahgoing
One more I'd stray back for Liskehan,
And will make application to my sweet young Keaty
That lovely fair one of Liskehan.